

Youth's Treasury ; Or, *A Store-House of WIT and MIRTH.* Furnisht with a Collection of the Choicest and *Newest* SONGS.

Sung at the Theatre, and other worthy places of note.
As likewise, Pleasant Tales, Witty Jests, and
Merry Riddles, &c.



This may be printed, R. M.
printed for I. Blare, on London-bridge, 1688.



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AND
Merry Riddles.

Together with Choice COMPLEMENTS,
and LOVE-LETTERS; Fitted to the
Capacities of the most Ingenious Readers.

*In this small Garden fragrant Flowers grows,
Water'd by Streams that from the Muses flows:
Sweeten'd with Love, Delight and Merriment,
To yield the Courteous Reader true Content.*

This may be Printed, R. M.

Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking-Glass on
London-Bridge. 1688.

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Youth's Treasury, &c.

The Northern Ditty : Or, the Scotch-man
Out-witted by the Country Damsel.

To a New Scotch Tune.

COLD and Raw the North d'd blow,
bleak in the Morning early ;
All the Trees were hid with Snow,
cover'd with Winters' pearly :
As I came riding o'er the Slough,
I met with a Farmers Daughter ;
Rosse Cheeks and bonny Brow,
geud Faith made my Mouth to water ;

Down I ball'd my Bonnet low,
meaning to show my breeding,
She return'd a graceful bow,
her Ussage far exceeding :
I ask'd her where she went so soon,
and long'd to begin a Parley ;
She told me to the next Market-Town,
a purpose to sell her Barley.

In this Purse, Sweet Soul, said I,
 twenty pound lies fairly,
 seek no farther one to buy,
 for I'll take all thy Barley:
 Twenty more shall purchase delight,
 thy Person I love so dearly,
 If thou wilt lig by me all Night,
 and gang home in the morning early.

If forty pound would buy the Globe,
 this thing I'de not do, Sir,
 If were my Friends as poor as Job,
 I'd never take 'um so, Sir:
 For should you prove to Night my Friend,
 w^old we get a young Kid togeth^r,
 And you'd be gone e're Nine Months end,
 and where shall I find the Father?

I told her I had Wedded been,
 foy teen Years and longer,
 Else I'de chuse her for my Queen,
 and tye the Knot yet stronger;
 She bid me then no farther roame,
 but manage my Wedlock fairly,
 And keep my purse for poor Spouse at home,
 for some other should have her Barley.

A new Song in Praise of the Mug, by a Person
of Quality.

If Sorrow the Tyrant invade thy breast,
hale out the soul fiend by the Lug the Lug;
Let no thought of to morrow disturb thy rest,
but banish Despair in a Mug a Mug;
If business unluckily goes not well,
let the fond fools their affection hug;
To show our Allegiance we'll go to the Bell,
and banish Despair in a Mug, a Mug.

If thy Wife proves none of the best the best,
and admits of no time but to think to think;
O! the weight of thy forehead bow down thy Crest,
divert thy dull Damon with Drink with Drink;
If thy Wife proves not one of the best the best,
ne'r pine ne'r pine at the wanton Pug,
But seek out a fairer and kinder than she,
and banish despair in a Mug, a Mug.

The Joyful Lovers.

Vhy are my eyes still flowing,
why does my heart thus tremble & wele.
Why do I sigh when going
to see the darling Saint I Love;

Ah! She's my Heaven, and in her Eyes
The Detties.

There is no Life like what she can give,
Or any death like taking my leave.

Tell me no more of Glory,
to Court Ambition I have resign'd ;
But tell a long long Story
of Celia's face, her shape and mind ;
Speak too of Raptures that will destroy,
To enjoy.

Had I a Diadem, Scepter and Ball,
For that dear minute I'd part with them all.

The Scotch Lover, or, the yielding Lass.

As I sat at my Spinning-Wheel,
a bonny Lad that passed by,
I keen'd him round and I lik'd him weel,
gude Faith he had a bonny Eye :
My Heart new pantings gan to feel
But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Down he ball'd his Bonnet oot,
And sweetly kiss'd my Lips so soft,
And still between each honey kiss,
He urg'd me gang to further bliss,
For by my Soul I likt him weel,
But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

He stopt and gas't, and blithly said,
 Now speed thy Wheel thou bonny Maid,
 But if thou'lt to the Day-Cock go,
 I'll learn thee better work I tro,
 Then I resistless fire did feel,
 And let alone my Spinning-Wheel.

SEFAUSTIAN's Farewell.

To an Excellent new Tune.

Hope Farewell, adieu to all Pleasure,
 no Torment so great as Love with Dispair;
 Silvia frowns, my endeavour's to please her,
 and Laughs at those pains she makes me to bear;
 Life's my Disease, and there is no Cure
 but Death's cruel Dart, that must set me at ease;
 When I'm no more then may she grieve
 for him, who while living she never would relieve.

Faithless Saint Farewell, I am going
 to leave the World and your Beauty behind;
 Whilst my Eyes like to fountains are flowing,
 to think fair Silvia could prove so unkind,
 Were for your sake my Heart-strings will break;
 remember the promise which once you did make,
 Yet left me o're, which griev'd me sore;
 But Silvia farewell, I shall never see thee more.

A New Song of Charon.

CHaron make haste and ferry me o'er
 to the Elizium Hady Grobe,
 Where I my Passion in sighs will discover,
 what I have suffered long for Love :
 I am a weary of my Life,
 and cannot be eased no, no where,
 Then put a period to my Grief,
 and carry me where I may know no care.

Ah my dear Silvia 'tis you that have wounded me,
 with the soft Glances of your fair Eyes,
 And with your Hare you have quite confounded me,
 and you have me a Sacrifice.
 I was a Slave to all your Charms,
 and perfectly thought you would comply,
 But you have left me in Deaths cold Arms,
 and I must for your sake a poore Martyr dye,

A New Song of Martilla, or the wounded Lover.

Happy as Man in his first Innocence,
 for ages past, as happy I had been,
 And thought of nothing but my Flocks defence,
 till bright Martilla came upon the Green :

It was one Evening when the Sun was set,
 and all the Nymphs and Shepherds met to play,
 Alas I do not know what ails me yet,
 but my poor harmless Sheep are gone astray.
 All Night I kept Martilla still in view,
 and ask'd my fellow Shepherds the next day,
 If any tidings of my Flocks they knew,
 but they, they answered me, they answered me,
 Martilla is the only sound I hear (Martilla
 Martilla is the only thing I see,
 Martilla is the cause of my distaste.
 Mirtilla, O——h Martilla pity me :
 Pi——ry me, oh, oh, oh, O——h Martilla pity
 (me.

A New Play-house Song.

ALl the Town so lewd is grown,
 hereafter you must excuse me,
 If when you discover your self a Rober,
 I think it is all a Lye.
 Oaths and Sighs, and melting Eyes,
 you'll sacrifice to seduce me ;
 Thus silly poor Gardens are oft undone,
 but happily warn'd am I.
 Excuse me for lying, and for my denying,
 and for your request excuse me :

Excuse

Excuse me for knowing, the cheats of your wooing
 for I faith, Sir, I must refuse ye;
 Excuse me when you bow'd and swore,
 that you had design'd to deceive me no more;
 But he that makes love till his Eyes run o're,
 shall ne're the sooner abuse me.

Wit and Youth did once invade
 my heart e're I scarce was twenty,
 And I silly Creature, through pure good nature,
 believ'd him what e're he swore,
 Young and unpractic'd in the trade,
 of my labours I was not scanty;
 But he who my innocence first betray'd,
 shall never deceive me more:
 For now tho' he flatters, and ogles and chatters,
 and still in the dance will chuse me,
 He'd argue the case too, and look like an Ass too,
 yet after the last shall lose me;
 For now I will Female cunning use,
 And all my stock of Revenge produce,
 The Rebels to honour has broken the Truce,
 and all Mankind shall excuse me.

Dignors

Divers Merry TALES.

A Fidler living near a merry Cobler, by whose Stall he went every morning, to whom the Cobler would often say, Friend, play me a Corrant, and I will give thee a Crust; this saying so vext the Fidler, that he told him if he had him out of his Stall, he would break his Fiddle about his head; the Cobler whipping out, said, With all my heart, if you'll venture your Fiddle, i'll venture my head; but the Fidler went away for that time, but resolved to fit him at a fairer opportunity. This Fidler us'd to carry his Fiddle in a Leather-bag, the next morning leaving his Fiddle at home, and instead thereof put his Wifes Washing-Beetle into the Bag, and so went along by the Coblers-Stall as he was wont, the Cobler continuing to give the Fidler his old affront, vext the Fidler, which caused him to challenge him once more out of his Stall, saying, that he would brake his Fiddle about his Ears; with that the Cobler runs forth, at which time the Fidler takes his Leathern-Bag, in which his Wives Washing-Beetle was, and gives him such a polt on the pate with the same, that the Cobler fell down for dead, but coming a little to himself again, began to rub his Noddle and swear he had gave him a damnable blow, but yet he did
not

not value it of a Farr, for he was sure he had broken his Fiddle; and with that he went contentedly to his Stall again; and ever after this he had nothing to say to the Fidler.

A Rich and Covetous Court seller of this Kingdom, that had an only Child, which was a Daughter, and worth 20000 l. A young and handsome Gentleman of good Birth, though of no great Fortune; yet had so far insinuated himself into the young Ladies favour, that she promised him Marriage if he could get her Fathers consent: Immediately he goes for *London*, and goes to her Father, and told him, That he would give him Ten pound for a Fee, if he could assist him in the business which did much concern him, which was, That there was a Rich young Heiress in Town which had promised him Marriage, if it could any way be made good by Law. Why, says he, let her hire a Horse and invite you to take her away, and let her get up before and you behind, that it may not be said, that you Rode away with her, but she with you; and let her go to the Minister and tell him, 'tis her desire to be Married to you, and to get a License accordingly; and when you are Married, then be sure to Bed her, and i'll warrant you she's your own. And this, says the Gentlemen, you will avouch for Law? He told him yes. Well Sir, says he, if you will set your Hand to it, i'll give you Ten pounds

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pounds more ; which he did immediately. He goes into the Country and shews the young Lady what was done , and how 'twas done ; and she accordingly performed her promise, and suddenly Married and Bedded : and having continued a Week, they both came to *London*, and came to her Father, and fell down upon their knees to him, and craved his Blessing ; which made him at first flye into harsh Language ; But the Gentleman said, we have done nothing but what you have avocht for Law, and have it under your Hand. The Lawyer fearing his Reputation might be brought in question, and seeing him to be a handsome and well-bred Gentleman, and of a good Family, clapt both their hands together, and bid God bless them , and then gave them a Subsistence for the present, and made over all to them after his death.

An Old Man and his Wife sitting one Winters Night by the Fire without Company , the time seemed tedious unto them ; Come, quoth the Old Woman , let's go to Bed Husband, what should we sit up to burn Fire and Candle for? Content, quoth the Old Man ; but I fear I shall not sleep if we go to Bed so soon : 'Tis no matter for that, says the Old Woman, we'l play a *One-and-Thirty* with Farts : Alas ! says the Old Man, I can't play : Well, i'le learn you. Being both agreed, to Bed they went. Now says the
Old

Old Woman, you must lay your Breech in my Lap, and the first must stand for Twenty, and so on. The Game being began, the Old Man Farts; that is Twenty, quoth she; so the Old Man proceeded to Twenty-eight, and being the first hand, resolved to stand it: Well now, quoth the Old Woman, I must lay my Breech in your Lap, to which he yielded: There's Twenty: that's right, says he; there's another, that's Twenty-one; upon the third Card, the Old man cryed out, Uds-nigs, what dost do, I think thou hast Beshit me. No, Husband; quoth she, it is a Court-Card, I am One-and-Thirty, the Game is mine. The Old man being thus baffled at One-and-Thirty, never loved Card-play afterwards.

Here likewise follows many pritty F E S T S.

Upon Two Poets.

TWO Poets being merry in a Tavern, the one was desirous to be gone, the other intreated him to stay, telling him, if he did go away, he would make a Comedy upon him. You shall get nothing by that, replied the other, for then I will make a Tragedy on thee, and in the latter end of it thou shalt Hang thy self.

On

On a Fine High way Man and a Ragged Welsh-man.

These being both brought to the place of Execution to suffer for Crimes which they had committed; the fine Spark whispered to the Hangman, and said, Do not let that Ragged Rascal the Welsh-man, Hang too near me. The Welsh-man over-hearing what was said, was in a great Rage, and told hur, Hur would Hang by hur in spite of hur teeth; adding, that the Gallows was as free for hur as e're an English Rogue of them all.

On a Country Fellow.

A Country Fellow looking into a Scriveners shop, and seeing nothing there but a Desk and a Boy sitting at it, asked what they Sold? The Boy answered, Logger-heads: The Fellow replied, It seems you have good Custom for them, having but one left in the shop.

On a Drunken Fellow.

A Drunken Fellow returning home towards Evening, found his Wife hard at Spinning; she reproving him for his Ill-husbandry, and commending her own Huswifery; he told her, That she had no great cause to Chide, for as she had been Spinning, he came home all the way Reeling

Upon a Fart.

A Man walking in the Street let a great Fart, upon which he jestingly said, crack me that Nut: It being heard by a waggish Wench that was in a Chamber over his head, who being well provided at that time with a perfumed Chamber-pot, throws it out of the Window upon his Head, saying, there's the Kernel of your Nut, Sir.

On a Rich Lawyer.

A Rich Lawyer that had got a great Estate by the Law: Upon his Death-bed was desirous to give 20 pounds per Annum to the House of Bedlam: Being demanded why he would give it to that House rather than to another? He answered, that he had got it, of Madmen, and to them he would give it again.

On a foolish Gentleman.

A Foolish melancholly Gentleman riding with his Man on the high-way, suddenly cryed out, his foot, his foot; his Man started and desired him to light, that he might see what it was that hurt him: Then pluck off this Boot, said he, which being done, the man told him there was nothing, then prithee said the Gentleman pluck off the other, for sure one of them pained me.

Here

Here likewise is sundry pleasant new Riddles.

Riddle.

LEarning hath fed me, yet I know no Letter,
I have liv'd among Books, yet am't the better;
I have eaten up the Muses, yet I know not a Verse,
What Student is this, I pray you Rehearse.

Answer. A Worm bred in a Book.

R. It is not, nor was not, nor never shall be,
Hold up your hand, and you shall see.

A. The little finger is not so long as the rest.

R. What's that, although it may be seen,
no man alive can hold;
In any place it enters in,
and will not be controu'd;

And when aloft it does ascend,
It turns to nothing in the end.

A. It is Smoke.

R. When I lived, I fed the living, now I am
dead I bear the living.

A. A Ship made of an Oak, growing, feeds
Hogs with Acorns, now bears Man, swims over
Fishes.

R. There is a body without a heart,
That hath a Tongue, and yet no Head;

Buried it was, ere it was made,
And loud doth speak, and yet is dead.

A. A Bell, which when it is call'd, is sounded
in the Ground.

R. A mourning Weed I always wear,
And puzzle many a Traveller;
But when the Sun-beams shineth bright,
Out of this World I take my Flight.

A. It is a dark night.

R. Unto the Exchange I went,
Some knacks there for to buy,
Within a Cloyster there was pent

A Monster certainly.
Feet and Hands it had full eight,
Four Eyes clear of sight,
Four Ears whereby to hear,
And two bodies exceeding clear.

A. It was an Exchange Woman big with
Child.

R. In thickest Woods I hunt with Beagles ten,
After the Chase, which when I do descry,
I dispossess me of, not useful then,
And what I take not, only that keep I.

A. One scratching his Head with both his
Hands.

R. What is that as white as Snow,
And yet as black as any Crow,
And more Pliant than a Ward,
Tied in a Silken Band,
And every day a Princess Peer,
Look on it with Mirth that's clear.

A. It is a book tied with a Silken Lace, whose
Paper is as white as any Snow, Ink as black as
any

any Crow, and Leaves more pleasant than any wand

R. My Coat is Green, and I can prate,
Of divers things within my Grate,
In such a Prison I am set,
That hath more Trap-holes than a Net.

A. A Parrot in a Cage of Wire.

R. There was a Bird of great Renown,
Useful in City and in Town,
None Work like unto him can do,
He's yellow, black; red and green,
A very pretty Bird I ween;
Yet he is both fierce and fell,
I count him wise that can this tell.

A: The painful Bee.

R. What part of Man may that part be,
That is an Impliment of three;
And yet a thing of so much stead,
No Woman would without it Wed,
And by which thing or had or lost,
Each Marriage is quite made or crost.

A. The Heart of Man a Triangular Figure,
the beginning of Love.

R. All day like one that's in Disgrace
He resteth in some secret place,
And seldom peepeth forth his Head,
Until daylight be fully fled;
When in the Maids or Good-wives hand,
The Gallant first had grace to stand,

Whence

Whence to a hole they him apply,
Where he will both live and dye.

A. A Candle.

B. I am call'd by the Name of a Man,
Yet am as little as a Mouse :

When Winter comes I love to be
With my Red Target near the House.

A. A Robin Read-breast.

COMPLEMENTS.

Professions of Love.

IT is impossible for me not to love you, as it is for the Sun to forget his ordinary course. So am I ravish'd with your Beauty, that it will prove harder for me to forget you, than it would prove more difficult to resolve for Death, and know for certain that I shall still be rather content and disposed to consent to the hatred of my self, then to the Love of any other Object but you.

Your sight may be forbidden me, and you may hinder me from speaking to you ; but not to have the Effigies of your Divine Beauty imprinted in my heart, and not to love and serve you, it is a thing not only out of your power, but mine also ; for I am to you unseparable , that I cannot be without you.

Upon

Upon her Beauty.

I Should have thought I had too much failed in so much Duty, had I not directed it to so fair a Mark ; but the favour of your affections, is that to which I Sacrifice my best Endeavours.

Nothing shall take from my heart but Death it self, the fair Image of your Divine Beauty : Death it self shall here stand Vassal, and Homage pay to your more powerful Darts, when every quickning Glance from you shall add new Life, as he destroys the Old.

In Admiration of her Goodness.

I T is your Goodness that hath supplied my small Merit, which could not have dared to promise me the Favours you can afford me.

The Goodness of your Soul is so clear and bright, that Sin dares not approach too near, for fear of discovering its own Deformity.

You need not seek for your Inheritance, when the rich Evidence of your Vertue intitles you to Heaven.

I wonder not to see so many Bankrupts in Goodness, when I find the stock of Vertue rests alone in you.

These Noble Favours may quicken my Endeavours, but never create a Desert in me, they are so much beyond my All.

On



On her Leaving him.

LOvers, in the despite of Absence, lose not the Remembrance of their Lovers; they are as the Flowers, which though trod on, do Re-assume their Lustre at the Suns approach.

Although thou goest away we cannot part; here in my heart thou still remainest, yet I must shed some tears, which like the morning Dew, or as *April* Showers, shall make Spring-Tide of our love, (though by this Winter covered) grow fresh and green again. To forsake me when your Company is most dearest to me, is no sign of true Friendship, which parts not at Death it self, since Love remains for ever.

A Farewell.

I Must depart from you, yet shall not your Service be deprived of my Obedience.

Adieu fair Sun of my Life, I leave you for this present, but be always assured, that my mind and my desires shall never depart from you.

Dear Love, I know not which way to begin to bid you adieu, nor to finish this discourse, which once ended, our disconsolate departure follows.

Woe is me, must I needs wander away from all my Felicities at once, losing, with the happiness of your sight, the most perfect Object of Beauty.

Farewel, Madam, be always fortunate whilst I shall languish Unhappy, though most Constant.

F I N I S.

